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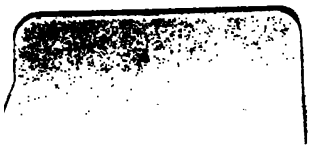

NEI

ERSES FOR A LITTLE MAID

Y JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER

BOSTON
HANSON HART WEBSTER
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TO

BETTY OF SUNNYSLOPE

The unfettered freedom of its breeze, her ways;
Her voice, the music of its singing brook;
Her long-lashed eyes, its shaded violet-nook;
Her smile, its flood of light on summer days.

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VERSES FOR A LITTLE MAID

"Infino a tanto che io non potessi
più degnamente trattare di lei."

MY BREVIARY

IF I could duly keep the Hours,
After this sort I'd pray:—
At Prime: God bless sweet Beatrice Rose
Throughout the livelong day.
At Terce: Fair thoughts like snowy doves
On her forenoon attend.
At Sext: Through mid-day's hurry grant
Contentment to my friend.
At None: As shadows purpler grow,
Her eventide be light.
At Compline: Under kindly stars,
God keep her through the night.

TO MASTER ROBERT HERRICK

THOUGH, Herrick, thou hadst made such song,
Had my young friend been thine,
That she had lived through centuries
Among thy maids divine;
Because thou wast too early born
Or she was born too late,
I can't sincerely either one
Of you commiserate.

For had she lived in those old days,
Who'd now inspire poor me?
And how to-day, were she thy theme,
Could I compete with thee?
So thou dost lose what I have gained;—
But would thy gift were mine,
Her own sweet self to incorporate
In one immortal line!

THE HUMBLE-BEE

A humble-bee since morning,
A-sheltering from the cold,
Here in my book-lined room has clung
To the window-curtain's fold,

A tiny ghost of summer,
From honied clover fields,
And glory of the July suns
And all that August yields.

Poor little wraith! thou bringest
Remembrance of a day
Of fair blue skies, by bluer stream,
With a child far, far away.

As long as thou wilt tarry,
For memory's sake I'll give
A friendly welcome, but I fear
Thou hast brief lease to live.

Yet not unsung, thy passing:
Thy visit I'll rehearse,
And set it thus in numbers
For Beatrice Rose's verse.

SUNNYSLOPE

THE golden-rodded slope exhales
Pennyroyal's sweet perfume;
With silk-lined milkweed, stalwart stands
The timothy-grass's plume.

And at the foot, the wooded brook,
Where violets grow in spring,
Sings as it slips to the river's blue,
A song it alone can sing.

But on the crest, through a poplar row,
Thy fancy catches gleams
Of the leaded panes of a timbered house,—
The roof-tree of thy dreams.

Ah, lucky thou, one day to taste
Fruition of thy hope,
And see thy fancied homestead rise
At happy Sunnyslope!

WILL O' THE WISP SONG

"Will, Will,
Will o' the Wisp,
Will you not wait for me?"
I called as I saw his eerie light
Under the swamp-oak tree.

Will, Will,
Will o' the Wisp,
"Will you not tell," he cried,
"Why I should wait in the summer night,
For you by the rank marsh side?"

"Will, Will,
Will o' the Wisp,
Will you not help me lift
Some pirate's jewelled treasure-trove
For a maiden's birthday gift?"

Will, Will,
Will o' the Wisp,
Wilfully flew along
With a merry laugh o'er the untrod fen,
But left with me this song.

TO CÆSAR ON HIS COMMENTARIES

GRIM-FACED Cæsar, hadst thou known,
After centuries had flown,
Over thy stiff Latin prose
Would be bending Beatrice Rose,
Wouldst thou not therein have set,
Like a sprig of mignonette,
For a little maid to see,
Some wee bit of poesy?
Would there not, once in a while,
O'er thy lips have crept a smile,
And with thoughts of some far day,
Ere thou grew'st too stern for play,
Happy days long dead and gone,
Ere thou crosst the Rubicon,
Wouldst thou not have been inserting—
Even at the risk of hurting
Thy grave commentaries' tone—
Hard as chiseled out of stone—
Some such tale as youth enjoys,
Of patrician girls and boys,
Whom thou play'dst with once at home,
Long ere thou hadst fame at Rome?
Wouldst thou not have tried to enhance
Thy plain facts with some romance,
Wouldst thou not have given some notion

Of the color, life, the motion,
Strangely wanting from the scene
Where thou sayst thy hosts have been?

O, thou mighty Cæsar's ghost!
I at least can make this boast:—
Never lines that I've set down
Bring to her young brow such frown
As doth indirect discourse—
Or is thy bridge construction worse?
Cæsar, keep the age-long glory
Of thy commentaries' story—
Not one whit I'll envy thee
If I may but truly be—
Guiltless though of Latin prose—
The Laureate to Beatrice Rose.

THE SPIRIT-CHILD

FOR three oft well-remembered d
At last midsummer's tide,
Within our groves of academe
Didst thou, dear child, abide.

'Twas months ago, sweet Beatrice R
That thou this spot didst grace,
Yet at each turn, I half expect
To meet thee face to face.

Was it some sleight of Oberon,
Or Puck, the guileful elf,
Or did Titania detach
Some shadow of thyself

That lingers in the pleasing gloom
The maple trees cast down,
And sanctifies the common things
Of campus and of town?

O, would I knew some pixy spell
To lure within my door
That spirit-child, sweet Rose, to haun
The house at Little Moor!

THE STAR-GAZER

HILD, who steal'st from thy tent
To lie 'neath the open sky,
t thou may'st see the shooting stars,
s the cool night wind sweeps by,

at do they call to thee,
hose couriers of flame,
ding adown Heaven's great highway,
/ith such unerring aim?

ink thy quickened heart
checked with a breathless awe,
he segment track of fire fades
bedient to law.

n a comforting thought of God
nd His care thy senses steep;
a sigh and a smile I should bless, could I see,
roclaim thee sweetly asleep.

AUTUMN AT SUNNYSLOPE

AT Sunnyslope long weeks ago
The golden-rod has ceased to blow;
And willows all their leaves have shook
To sail in yellow fleets the brook.

Soon shall the ice once more enchain
Its stream, now high with autumn rain;
And coldly, stars, through many a night,
Glint on "the farm," enrapt in white.

While I in still more frigid clime
Shall oft recall last summertime;
And wander with thee in a dream
Beside the willow-shaded stream.

Yet patiently could I abide
The never-ending wintertide
Were but vouchsafed to me this hope:
Some day when spring's at Sunnyslope,
Beside the brook again set free
To gather violets with thee.

MY FOREST OF ARDEN

O were this glade but Arden grove,
Where thou, dear child, mightst daily rove,
And had I but Orlando's youth,
Instead of twice his years, forsooth,
I'd hang upon this trysting-tree
A sonnet every morn for thee.

And screened behind some leavy brake,
I'd spy to see if for my sake
Thou prizedst my rhyme, or but too plain
The curling lip proclaimed disdain.

Ah, if that last, I think no more
I could my songs for thee outpour.
So, well for me, that far away
Thou livest thy girlhood day by day,
And by thy Susquehanna's stream
Mayst not break instantly my dream.

Thus be my glade still Arden grove,
Where thou, dear child, mayst daily rove,
And be this still our trysting-tree,
Where fancy hangs my verse for thee.

WINTER ROSES

WHEN first we met, June wore the flower
Whose name in all my songs
To you half mystically, child,
So fittingly belongs.

Now e'en my hardy buckthorn's leaves
Lie 'neath the early snows;
How can I sing of wintertide
For thee, sweet Beatrice Rose!

Who, save in fancy, I've ne'er seen
Except in summer weather,
When, as Midsummer's Eve drew on,
We two were friends together.

But if 'tis granted me to see
How fair that flower still blows
Upon thy cheeks in wintry days,
I'll make a song, sweet Rose.

So, say not nay, but bid me come,
And then all through my tune
Of January, howe'er faint,
There'll be some strain of June.

A CHRISTMAS TUNE

THE Magi brought the Christ Child
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.
I 'd make a gift to a little child;
But what can I send to her?

The gold was for Our Lord, as King;
The incense, for the Priest;
The myrrh was for the agony
He bore for e'en the least.

Not one of these—not even gold,
Had I the gold to send—
Were fitting gift for me to make
Unto my little friend.

But when the lowly shepherds came,
Perhaps one piped an air,
A rude, crude thing, but best he knew,
So Jesus found it fair.

So now another piper
His Christmas music blows,
With what poor skill is granted him,
To greet sweet Beatrice Rose.

PILGRIMAGE

I'D journey on to far Cathay,
My heart a-singing all the way,
If smiling at some city gate,
A certain child for me would wait.

The rainbow's track from east to west
I'd gladly follow on my quest,
Quite heedless of the pot of gold
If that dear child I might behold.

No pilgrimage could be too far,
E'en from the earth to farthest star,
If only when my travels close,
I there should find sweet Beatrice Rose.

SOUVENIR

PILGRIMS and palmers, what brought they home,
Coming from Mecca, Jerusalem, Rome?
Chaplets and palm boughs, and quaint scallop shell,
And many a tale by the fire to tell.

Home from my journey, what do I bring
Of relics to show, of adventures to sing?
Only a poignantly sweet memory
Of a walk by the winter-locked river with thee.

TO CERTAIN SNOWFLAKES

O STUPID little snowflakes,
Never to know nor care,
What happy fate was yours to cling
To Beatrice Rose's hair.

O stupid little snowflakes,
Never to know how sweet
To strew as 'twere a white-rose path
Before her dainty feet.

But stupidest of snowflakes
That felt no thrill of bliss
When you emprinted as you fell
On her dear lips a kiss!

AT A KREISLER CONCERT

I sat one evening while a master hand
Drew strains exquisite from his violin,
And old musicians dead and gone trooped in,
Pale voyageurs from out the Silent Land.
What wistful faces saw I in that band:—
Van Beethoven with his Titanic brow,
Schubert—life's symphony completed now—
And one, an unknown black from Afric strand.

But swiftly I'd have fled the concert-room,
Harmonic flutings all have given o'er,
No double-stoppings should have me beguiled,
Might I by hastening through the wintry gloom,
And finding welcome at a certain door,
Have listened to the talk of one dear child.

AD REGINAM CŒLI

BLOWING aye in Paradise,
Hail, O mystic Rose!
Rose without a thorn,
From whom little Christ was born
Still a maid, yet mother, too,
Hear the prayer I make to you,
O Regina Cœli!

Blossoms here in earthly fields,
Yet another Rose,
Rose without a thorn,
From whom all my songs are born,
Maid and little mystic mother,
To whom more than any other
All my best is due.

Since your mystery she shares,
Though she's never prayed to you,
Nor an Ave sung
When the Angelus has rung,
Guard her daily as she grows
More and more the perfect Rose,
Rosa sine spina!

And for me, your faithless son,
Erring on this darksome road
  Of my pilgrimage,
  Forgetting oft my heritage,
Entreat one day sufficient grace
That I meet her face to face
  At high Heaven's gate.

CANDLEMAS DAY

IF Candlemas Day were dull or clear,
What should I care if thou wert here?
I'd need no omens of the sky
To forecast spring wert thou but by.
Not half but wholly past away,
The winter then would be mid-May,
Laneside and meadow cast their snows
To greet with verdure Beatrice Rose;
And in my silent, lonely room
Thy presence would dispel all gloom;
The smouldering fire would leap in flame
At conjuration of thy name;
And life become both fair and good
At such untold beatitude.

THE OTHER CHRIST

I DO not ask the great grave Christ
  My humble home to share,
And daily show His wounded side,
  Pierced hands, and matted hair.

But if a tiny hand unscathed
  By aught save childish play
In lanes and fields of Nazareth,
  Should steal in mine one day,

To thee, I 'd lead the little Christ,
  New come from Heaven's bliss,
And see Him lift His rosebud lips
  For thee, dear child, to kiss.

And then a penny-pipe, or ball,
  Or Teddy-bear you 'd bring,
And smile to see what simple gift
  Could please our little King.

WITH A VALENTINE BOUQUET

I WOULD indite at Valentines
For you, dear child, some comely lines,
But since e'en Homer sometimes nods,
Accept in lieu,
Befitting you,
This perfect poetry of God's.

COMPLINE

DEAR Sleepyhead, the bell tolls slow
The hour when thou to bed must go;
And cares of lessons, learned or not,
Are straight in lands of dreams forgot;

While I 'm repeating at this time,
Though far away, the homely rhyme:—
"God bless thy house from roof to floor;
The twelve apostles guard thy door!"

And then the vision comes to me
Of closer warders over thee:
"Four great angels round thy bed,
Two at the feet, and two at the head."

And once again I would rehearse
For thee another childhood's verse:
That Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John
May bless the bed thou liest on.

Evangelists and angels four,
And all the apostles at the door,
Now and forever blesséd be
Who serve their God by guarding thee.

NEXT SPRING AT SUNNYSLOPE

O IF next April by your brook
You 're like to find no single nook
Where grows the heavenly violet,
I pray you, ere you may regret,
Have one fair spot with them beset.

And if 'tis likely too in May
No thrushes there shall close the day,
Then please entice— I know not how—
Your presence there should be enow—
Such songster to some topmost bow.

And when the June light longer glows,
Let there be blowing many a rose;
And O, that through the twilit vale
On St. John's Eve there might not fail
The music of a nightingale.

SCHOOL

WHEN the hour for school approaches,
Down the river road she goes
To her lessons—O, how lucky,
They who teach sweet Beatrice Rose!

Whether it be "horrid Cæsar,"
Or the unknown quantity,
French verbs without rhyme or reason,
Tennyson, or Malory.

O, I think the dullest lesson
Were she pupil unto me,
Would for me become a wonder
And a heavenly ecstasy.

Though I formally ensconced me
In the grave professor's chair,
From her pure heart I 'd drink wisdom
And become her pupil there.

OUR CHILDREN

THE songs which I have made of late—
They are not mine alone,
For without thee, dear child, I know
I had not sung one tone.

They are our offspring—yours and mine—
You need not blush to hear it—
And you must love them, too, my dear,
These children of the spirit.

LIGHTS

OUT from the town I walk to-night
Across the crusted snow;
The winds as through stiff frozen shrouds
Mid icy pine trees blow.

Upon the dark blue overhead
Great fleets are under sail;
With red of port and starboard's green,
And now a rocket's trail.

And steady lamps, as on some coast,
Across the vast deep play;
While some tall barque, now lost to sight,
Has left the Milky Way!

There seem to be enow of lights
Upon that boundless foam
For watch and helmsman through the dark
To bring their craft safe home.

But I, I need but two as guides:—
God, in the heavenly blue;
And on this earth, O dearest child,
What other one but you?

GOD'S CHORISTER

O SIT not often in the choir stall,
Hymning His praises Who is Lord of All,
Lest He bethink Him how thy voice and face
Would His fair choristers in Heaven grace,
And snatch thee from us, who so need thee here.

SIC TE AMO

SO runs the legend writ beneath
The little Christ who stands
To welcome you, sweet Beatrice Rose,
With outstretched arms and hands.

Yes, day by day He waits, my child,
He waits nor ever fears
But you will come to Him at last
Though it be years and years.

Ah, little Christ, I, too, await;
So, give Thy grace to me
That I may wait without despair
Though till eternity.

AT EASTER

OUT from the tomb, the Christ;
Out from the earth, the flower;
Out from my heart, the song.
All three to thee belong.

ONE APRIL DAY

BESIDE the Susquehanna's tranquil stream,
Even upon this April day I see
The wreck of winter's maddest revelry,
The saplings bent as in the Ice King's dream.
Yet shall the gentle power of April beam
On their young boughs, and soon, in days to be,
Evoke the spirit of the sleeping tree,
Newly to rise, with tender leaves agleam.

So dost thou lay on me thy magic spell,
Lifting my heart again to sing,
After the bitterness of wintertide,
Glad if of song there yet in me may dwell
Enough to memorize this day of spring,
Recalling how we walked the riverside.

EASTER VESPERS

DREAR fell the Easter Sunday night,
Foul with unwelcomest of snows,
And in the west a cheerless light,
As if Lord Jesus never rose.

Then, down a lane you walked last June,
A redbreast, mid the sleet and hail,
Triumphantly poured forth his tune
As 'twere midsummer's nightingale.

TO THE PIED PIPER

O PIPER of old Hamlin town,
Who brought the children running down
In joyous flocks to follow thee,
Impart one tithe your skill to me
That I may play so wondrous sweet
As to entice her dainty feet
To come a-dancing to the door
To follow me the wide world o'er—
Or if not that, at least one day
To help with me bring in the May;
Then, if of guilders I had store,
The thousand owed and many more
To you I 'd see were quickly paid
And think the bargain cheaply made.

MAY DAY

BETIMES on May Day morning,
Ere the bell for Prime had rung,
To the pines' æolian music
The Angelus I sung;
Yet with the Queen of Heaven
Oft mingled thoughts of thee,
Ere thou, dear child, went feasting
'Neath budding greenwood tree.
So, on from dawn to Vespers,
Light filled so full my day
As made my heart, tuned to the spheres,
Go singing such a way
E'en to my end I shall recall
Right well that First of May.

FROM THE CREST

AS I was going down the hill,
I met a little child,
With morning glory in her face,
Who asked me, as she smiled:
"O, whither are you going, sir,
Upon the downward way
When such a road climbs up the hill
Upon a morn of May?"

And so I turned about my steps
And we two climbed the crest,
And there before us lay the world
As 'neath an eagle's nest:
We saw the ploughman in the field,
And ships upon the sea,
And over all, the blue, blue sky,
That smiled on her and me.

O, blessings on sweet Beatrice Rose,
Who, on that morn of May,
Once turned me to the upward road
With hawthorn all the way,
Till I in such sweet company
With clearer eyes could view
The sunlit world below unfurled
Beneath high heaven's blue.

SONG FOR THE MAY

ALL on the First of Mary,
And at the break o' day,
I 'd rise my sweet,
Sweet child to greet,
And we 'd bring in the May.

Full tenderly and meekly,
With wreath of laurel green,
Where intertwine
Fair sops-in-wine,
I 'd crown her as my queen.

Throned by the ribboned Maypole,
So true she 'd look the part,
I 'd lay before
Whom we adore,—
Hers to command—my heart!

NINE MEN'S MORRIS

POETS' loves call me in vain:
Lalage I 'd leave to Horace,
Could I sit with you again,
Playing you at Nine Men's Morris.

Herrick, too, I 'd toss away,
With his Phyllis, Prue, and Doris,
Could I play with you to-day,
Pegging out our Nine Men's Morris.

Lassies Bobbie Burns forsook,
I, too, 'd leave to Jock and Joris.
What to me is any book,
Playing you at Nine Men's Morris!

SPRING'S IMPERFECTION

SOMETHING'S lacking from the Spring
Not the robin's carolling;
Not the blossom-burgeoned trees;
Not the perfume-laden breeze;
Not the sweeping river's blue:
Nay, none of these, dear child,—but you!

WHITSUNTIDE

MY heart cries out!
Exquisite pain!
Memory dazzles:—
Once again
The trees flare forth
In white and green
Till more and more
Each day the scene
Grows like the June
Of yesteryear
And Saint John's Eve
The child was here.

A FAIRY TALE

IF Cinderella's godmother
From faery lands were here,
Though I 've no mice nor pumpkin, yet
I 'd find—O, never fear!—
Somewhat for her to conjure with
And shape my equipage,
And lop a score of years and more
Straight from my hateful age.
And then—hard task!—she 'd magic me
Fit for such gay array
And set me down in a certain town
Full many miles away.
And I 'd come rolling up the road,
All in a coach and four,
With footmen wigged and buckled-shoon'd,
And pull up at your door;
Then, with some spell, I 'd whisk you off
To faery realms of gold,
And there we 'd live a thousand years,
And never should grow old,
And all the fascinating prince
Gave to the little lass,
Who only could in all his realm
Put on the shoe of glass,

All that and more, I 'd lay before
  Your dainty feet, my dear,
If Cinderella's godmother
  From faery lands were here.

A PANTOMIME

WERE you but playing Pierrette,
And I were Pierrot,
All in a moonlit garden-set,—
Were you but playing Pierrette
Amid the box and mignonette,
All other roles I would forego,
Were you but playing Pierrette,
And I were Pierrot.

STREETS

I'VE walked the capitals abroad:—
  In Edinboro town,
The High Street that from Castle Hill
  To Holyrood slopes down;

Along the Strand, up Ludgate Hill
  To Paul's I've picked my way;
And off from Piccadilly turned,
  Where Regent's shops are gay;

Along the High in Oxford, oft,
  Dream town of storied knowledge,
Beset with flaking walls and towers
  Of many a hoary college;

Up to the Opera I've strolled,
  Across the Place Vendome,
Although, alas! I've not found true
  That all roads lead to Rome.

But O, this afternoon in June,
  I'd nowhere rather be
Than on thy riverskirted road,
  Sweet Beatrice Rose, with thee!

OUR LADY OF THE BROOK

(For a Picture)

VISION of girlhood radiant,
Sister of sunshine and the breeze,
And each shy genius of the place,
Nereids, nymphs, and dryades.

What luck to arrest from fleeting time
That moment I her picture took,
As on the stream-kissed stones she poised—
Our little Lady of the Brook!

A RONDEL

THOUGH summer's beauty fade away,
Still blooms sweet Beatrice Rose.
And when the flower-bed of to-day
Only a dim mound shows,
Like to a child's grave, 'neath the snows,
E'en then my heart can say:
"Though summer's beauty fade away,
Still blooms sweet Beatrice Rose!"
And so the year wheels round to May,
And brave the garden glows,
Heedless of how all beauty goes
Down every wind. Ah, nay!
Though summer's beauty fade away,
Still blooms sweet Beatrice Rose!

BEATA BEATRIX

SWEET Beatrice, I conjure with thy name,
And out from song-land, dream-land, straight arise
Fair wraiths that, seen through their dear laureate's eyes,
Endue that word with everlasting fame;
But chiefly one who gave the exalted aim
To Dante, as beneath Firenze's skies,
A little child, she passed in comely guise,
And lit in him, as young, the undying flame.

Ah, happy maid, but happier poet, too,
Who with the soul to love, possessed the grace
To write of her such lines as shall not end!
But woe is me, who, blest with knowing you,
Am so unworthy of the singing race
That I cannot immortalize my friend!

MIDSUMMER'S EVE

TO-DAY a wistful pilgrimage I paid
To those blessed "stations," not of pain and woe,
But where a dear child walked one year ago,
And all the way a Via Sacra made:—
The village street where we together strayed;
The lawns her dainty feet did know;
Elm aisles through which we saw that sunset glow
Whose light from out my memory shall not fade.

And now draws on the Vigil of Saint John,
A moonlit, glamorous Midsummer's Eve:
With flitting lamps like fireflies appear
The Queen Titania and King Oberon
And that sly elf who taught her how to weave
A spell to bind me through the livelong year!

39796B

FLOWER CHIME

AS down the path, the June breeze blows,
Music from the garden swells,
Rung from a thousand flower-bells:—
"Beatrice Rose! Beatrice Rose!
Beatrice!
Beatrice!
Beatrice Rose!"

Music caught by only those
Who with eye as well as ear
Heaven's high melodies can hear:—
"Beatrice Rose! Beatrice Rose!
Beatrice!
Beatrice!
Beatrice Rose!"

So until sweet summer goes,
Tiny cups and tongues aswing,
Daintily their changes ring:—
"Beatrice Rose! Beatrice Rose!
Beatrice!
Beatrice!
Beatrice Rose!"

And when broken 'neath the snows
Lie the bells of summertime
Still my memory will chime:
"Beatrice Rose! Beatrice Rose!
Beatrice!
Beatrice!
Beatrice Rose!"

GOD'S THOUGHT

IF only as God's thoughts we live,
What lovely thought had He,
When in this world of rain and shine,
He one time thought of thee!

He who conceived the rose, the stars,
The rainbow's perfect bend,
Was not content until at last
He thought my little friend.

JEANNE D' ARC

IF Jeanne d' Arc boldly charging
Her fierce Burgundian foes
Showed the fearless grace
And flower-like face
Of thee, sweet Beatrice Rose,
And I had been her page-boy,
The lowest in degree,
I 'd gladly died
Close by her side
Had she smiled down on me.

O, little Saint of my day,
Thou know'st 'tis but in dreams,
Across long miles
Such vision smiles,
Thy mounted figure gleams;
Nor can I service tender:
Stout hand nor open purse;
But at thy feet
I lay as meet
The tribute of my verse!

VALE ATQUE VALE

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to school days,
In the school-house by the shore:
Here other maids will ply their tasks,
But you will come no more.

No more from westward windows,
You 'll see the sunlight gleam,
In moments stolen from your book,
On Susquehanna's stream,

And sense the pensive music
Its ceaseless waters sing:—
That youth forever fleets away
And then good-bye to spring.

And though bright days await you
In a school far, far away,
To the school upon the river's-bank
You bid farewell to-day.

And O, your eyes are merry!
Alas, 'tis with a sigh
I see you through the door-way dance,
And hear you laugh, "Good-bye!"

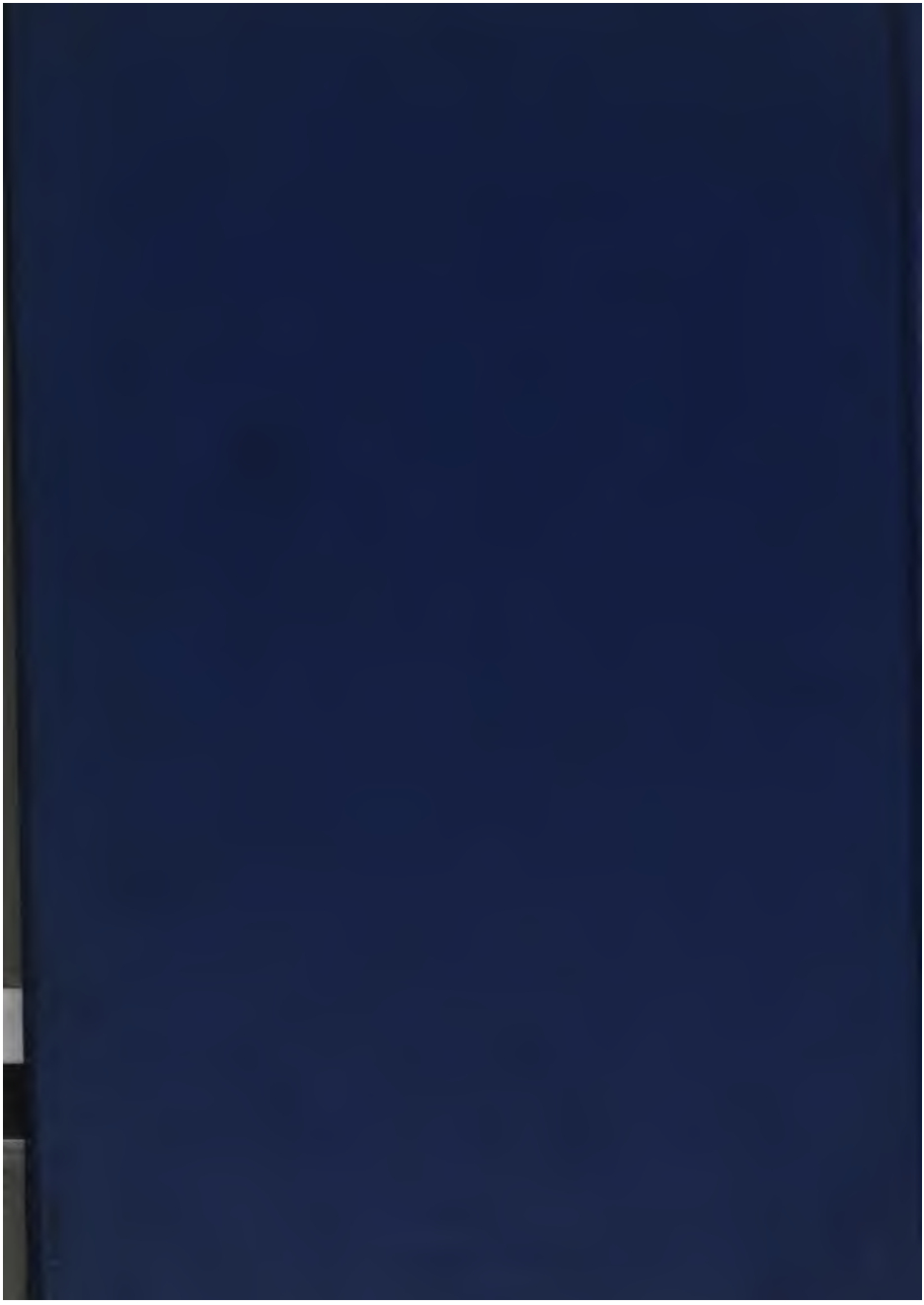
NON OMNIS MORIAR

SHOULDEST thou in slightest measure,
Dearest child, my verses treasure,
So that they 're not cast aside,
But with thine and thee abide,
Then perchance one family
Long may hold in memory,
After his last song shall close,
The Laureate of Beatrice Rose.
Yea, perchance, some other child,
Named for thee, shall be beguiled
By my songs to say, "Pray tell
Who loved Beatrice Rose so well?"
A solemn, but a healing thought
'Tis to hope my songs have bought
Something, child, with thine and thee
Of an immortality.

IN YEARS TO COME

I PRAY thee on some winter's night
In years to come, by candle light,
Or while on thee the hearth-fire glows,
Reread my songs, sweet Beatrice Rose.

And murmur 'twixt the lines, I pray,
All that I would but must not say;
Then 'cross the years, far in the dark,
Mine ears though dull in death will hark.

And if upon Midsummer's Eves
Thou shouldst again turn o'er these leaves,
And then half tenderly shouldst smile,
I shall rest satisfied the while.

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